

































Forty Years

Have 40 years passed us by Since time was spent at Marlinton High? As Seniors when we walked so tall. We ended our trek down her hallowed half

Some of us changed, some stayed the same But we all seem familiar, if only by name. When I look in the mirror, I tend to see That same young face staring back at me

For each of us, we know our age
But everyone else is on a different page.
We look around and to ourselves we say,
"They're younger than !? NO, NO WAY!"

Our children have grown; someone's taken their place We look at their clone and that innocent face. The next generation and they're growing up fast The high school days seem more in the past.

We remember the sock hops, the sports and the friends Good times we shared and the sadness that mends. Those who have left us and those who remain What has changed, what's stayed the same.

We remember the teachers who seemed quite old then Today we're older than they way back when. They don't seem so old anymore, you see Cuz' some are just a few years older than we.

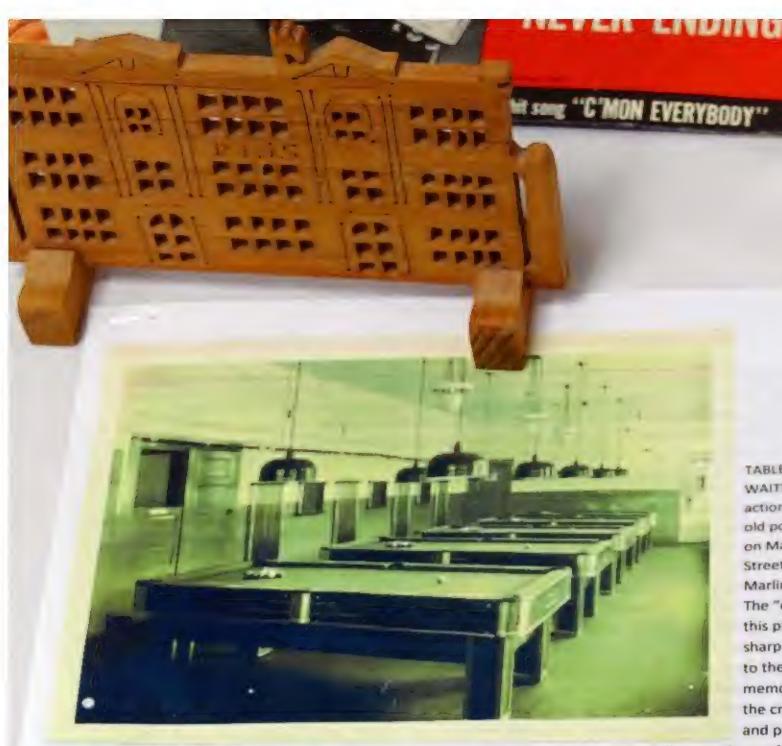
In Junior High, many friendships began Some drifted apart, then came back again. During this time, we learned lives could end Billy Definbaugh was gone, we'd lost a good friend.

We were lucky, I guess, the rest made it through And walked to graduate, two by two. Tho' we have lost many since sixty-one We can look back in time at lives full of fun.

Do you remember initiation? Do you remember what you wore? Skirt upside down and wrong side out but wait, there's even more. Our shoes were on the wrong feet, a string of garlic 'round our neck, Before we came to school that day, we were all a nervous wreck.

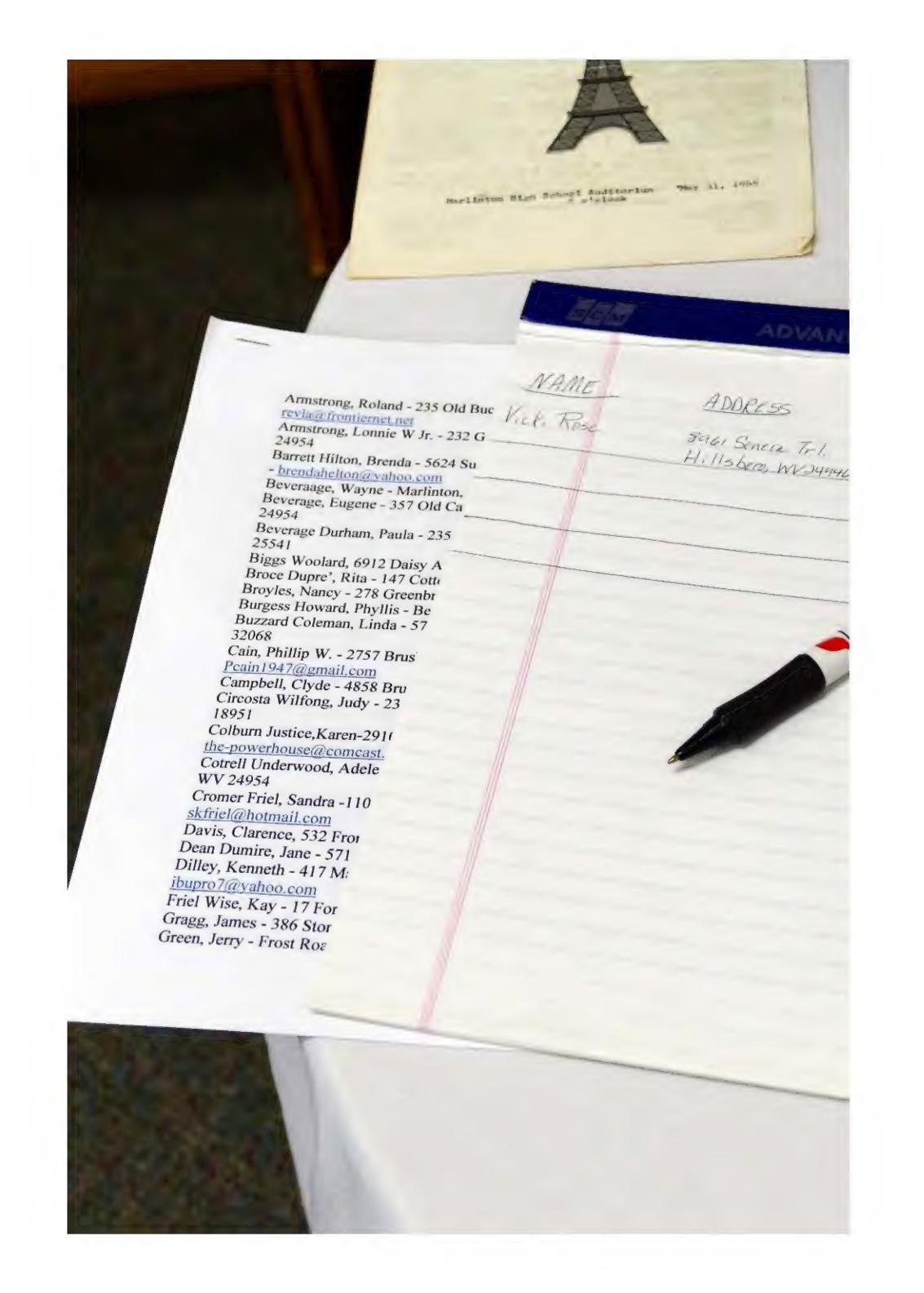
That silly poem we had to say as we shined the sophomores shoes It wasn't just the sophomores, but then that is hardly news. The Juniors and Seniors made us shine theirs as well. Who were sophomores and who were not, was really hard to tell.

The Junior High teachers who have passed away Most of us still remember them today Grace Sharp was gone before end of school While the rest remained, our educational tool

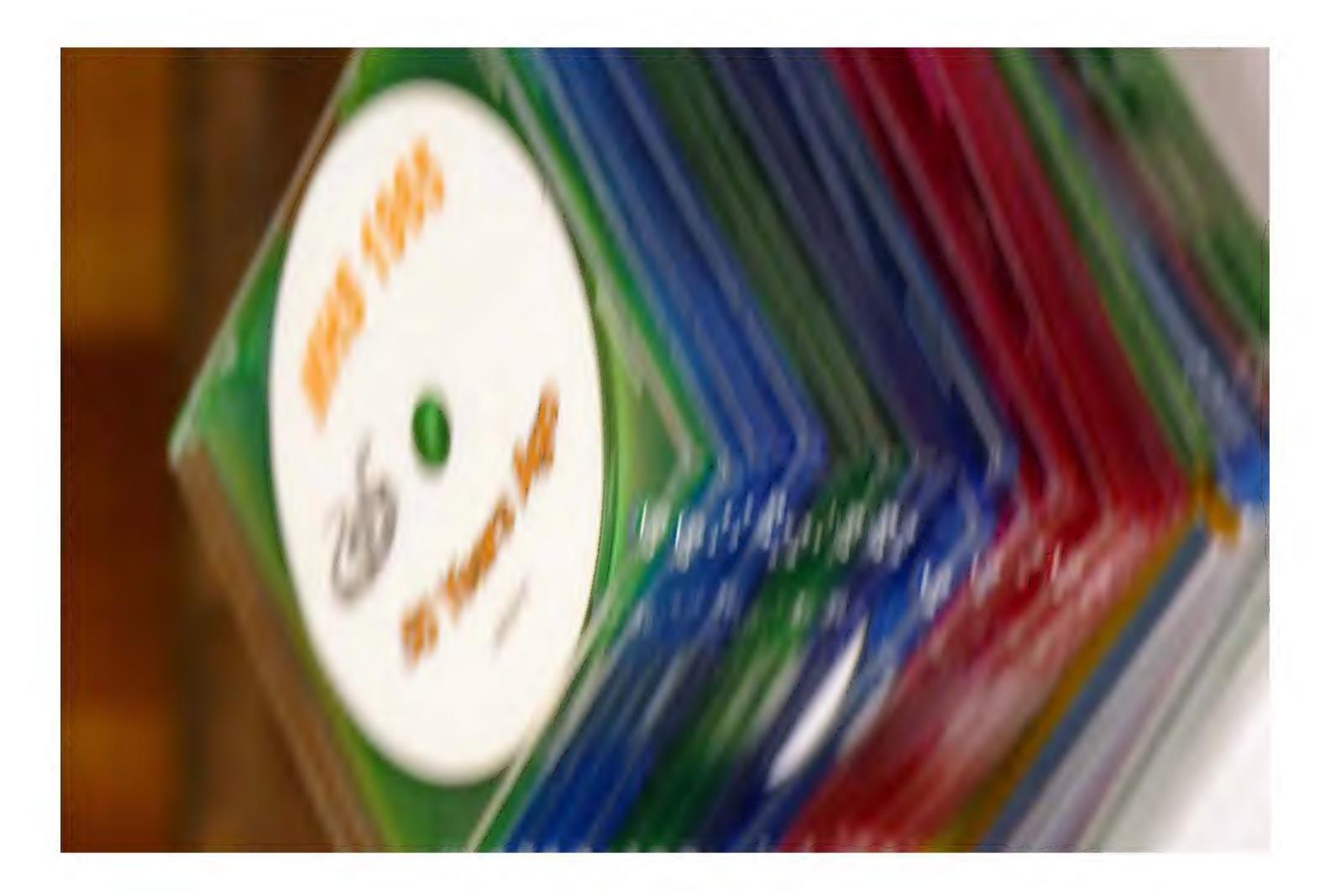


TABLES
WAITING FOR
action in the
old poolroom
on Main
Street in
Marlinton
The "quiet" of
this photo is in
sharp contrast
to the
memories of
the cracking
and pinging of

pool balls and pin ball machines. Michael McMann, of Great Falls, Montano, still remembers, after all these years, that there were five pool tables. Photo courtesy of Ken Nottingham "Sometimes even though you are having a good time, you can't help but to stop and think about how much you miss the old times." Wilbur Sharp became the owner of the poolroom on Main Street in Marlinton in 1926, located in the building he purchased from Moody Hogsett, which now houses the Flower Garden. Through the years that poolroom changed hands and names - Wilbur Sharp's, Sharp and McLaughlin, Moses and Meadows and The Smokehouse – but one thing remained the same, and that was the hot dog chili served at the lunch counter. Sharp's granddaughter and Pocahontas County Preservation Officer B. J. Gudmundsson has recorded the history of the poolroom owners, and she offers the following information as to how that famous chili -served to generations - first made its way to the small town of Marlinton. Origin of the Wib Sharp Hot Dog Chili "In 1937, Wilbur Sharp, owner of the Pool Hall in Marlinton, made a business trip to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. While staying at the William Penn Hotel he visited the restaurant and ordered a hot dog with chili. "It was, without a doubt, the best hot dog chili he had ever eaten. "He asked the waiter about the origin of the chili and was told that it was the chef's secret recipe. "Sharp asked to speak to the chef, and the waiter summoned him to the table. "After complimenting the chef on the "best hot dog chili ever," Sharp asked if he might have the recipe. "The chef rattled off the recipe, and Sharp wrote it down. "He returned to Marlinton, cooked up the chili, and the rest is history." There is a lot of history and a lot of memories associated with the poolroom - known in its later years as The Smokehouse. Jim Mason, of Marlinton, can describe the inner workings of this landmark in such a way that you can almost hear the sounds and smell the aromas. Stepping through the door of the poolroom was like entering another world, Mason said. People stood in the aisle looking at the magazines, your ears were met with the ping, ping, ping of the pinball machines and the crack of breaking racks of pool balls, as men and young boys honed their skills,









Marlinton High School

CLASS OF 1965

FORTY YEARS LATER

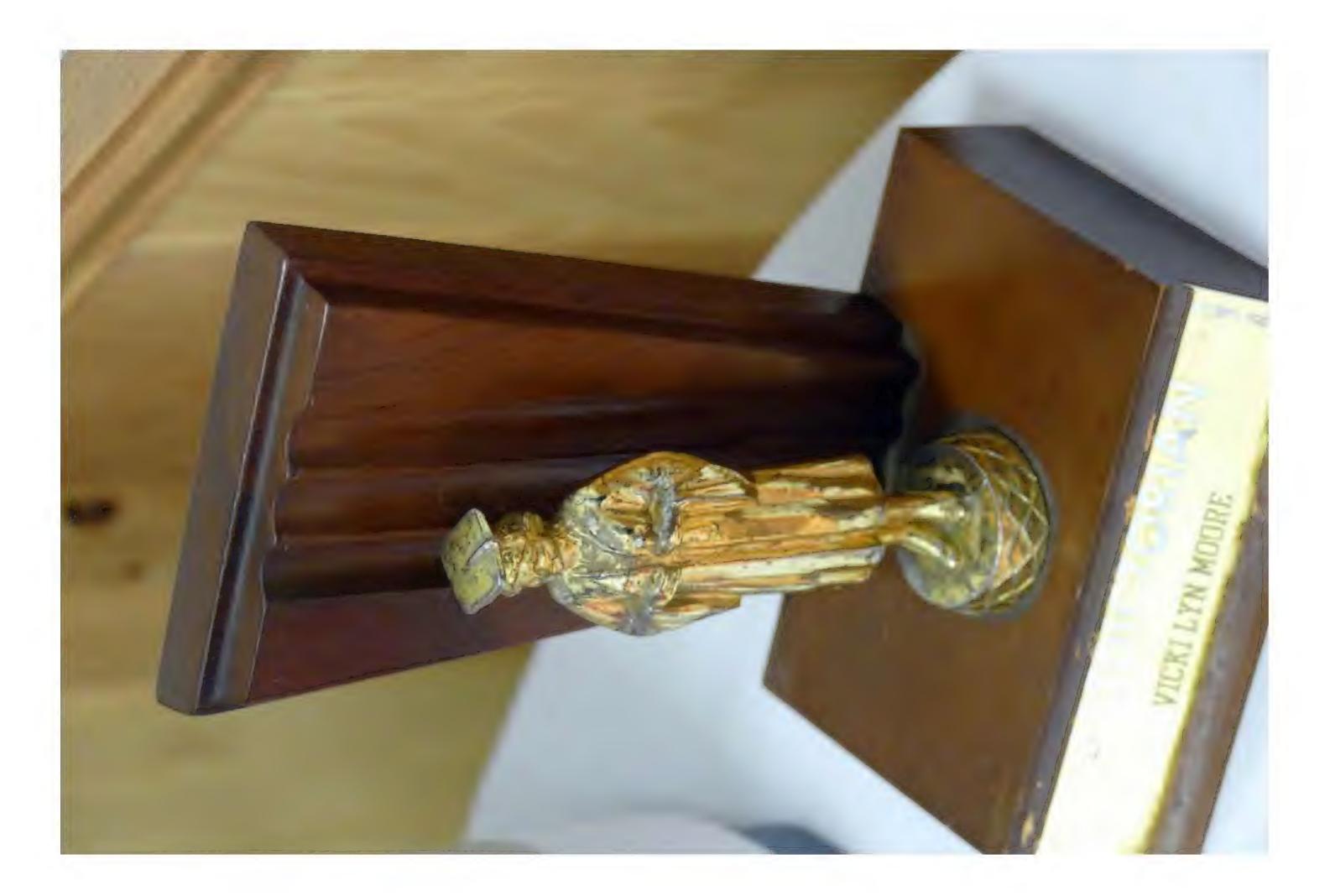
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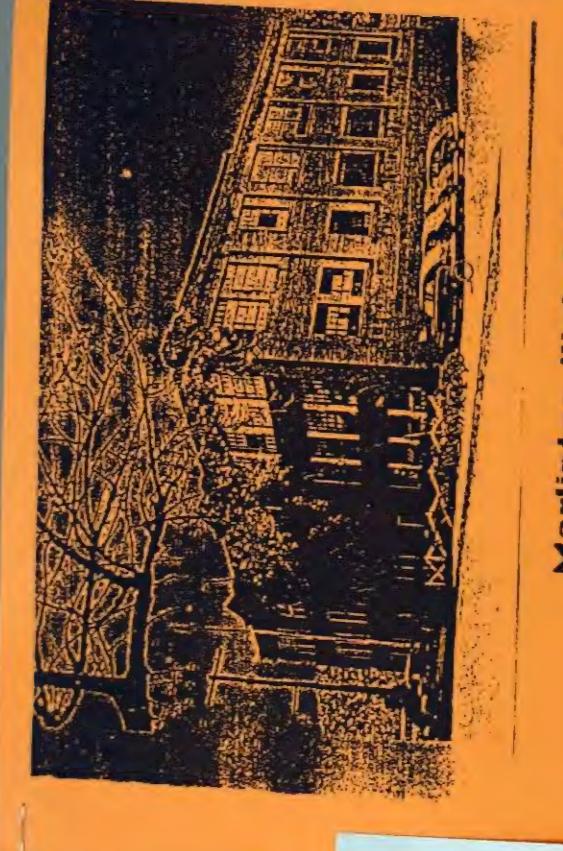












Marlinton High School

CLASS OF 1965

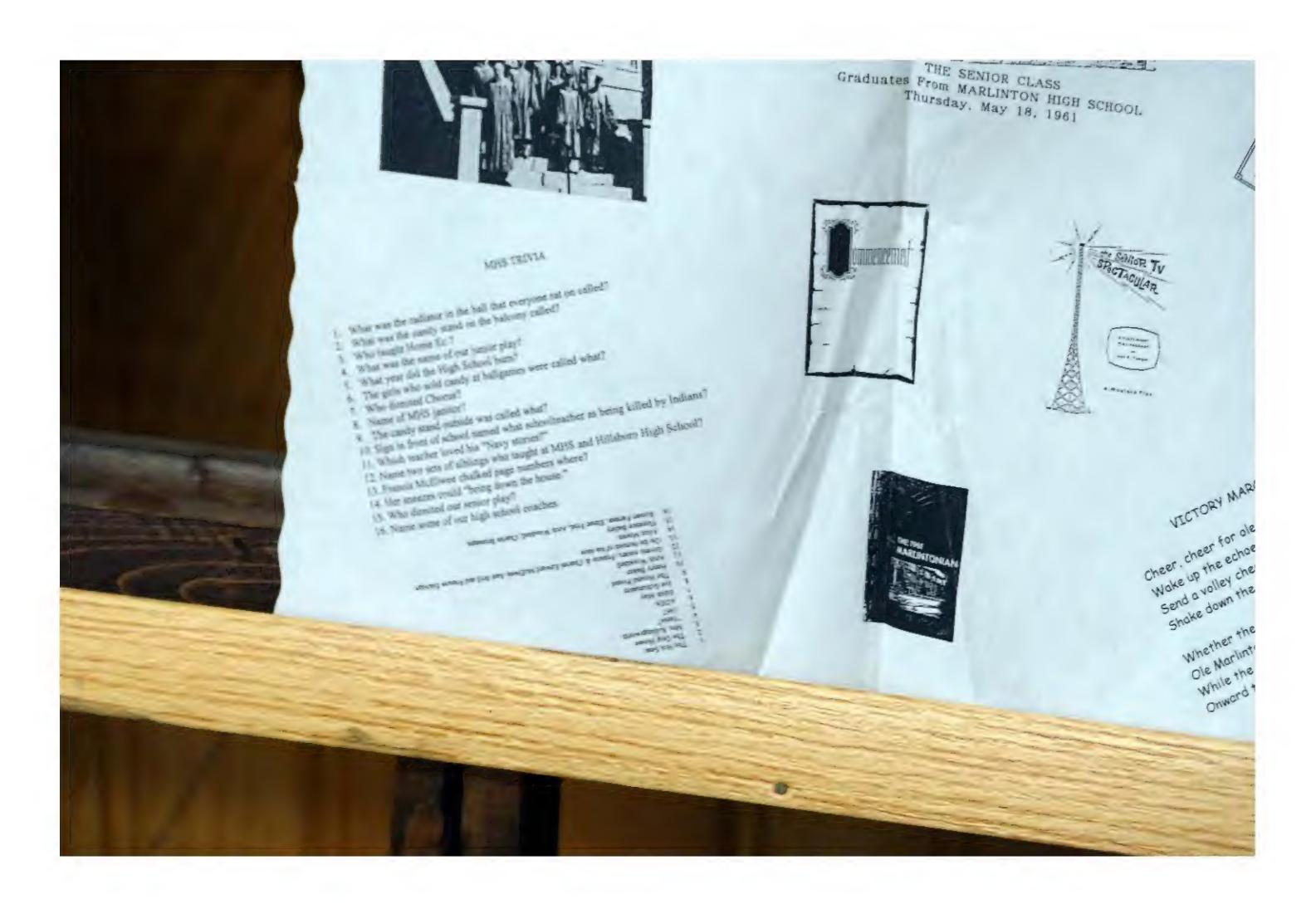
FORTY YEARS LATER

JULY 2, 2005









Remember

M. H. S. Graduating Class



MHS TRIVIA

the hall that everyone sat on called?

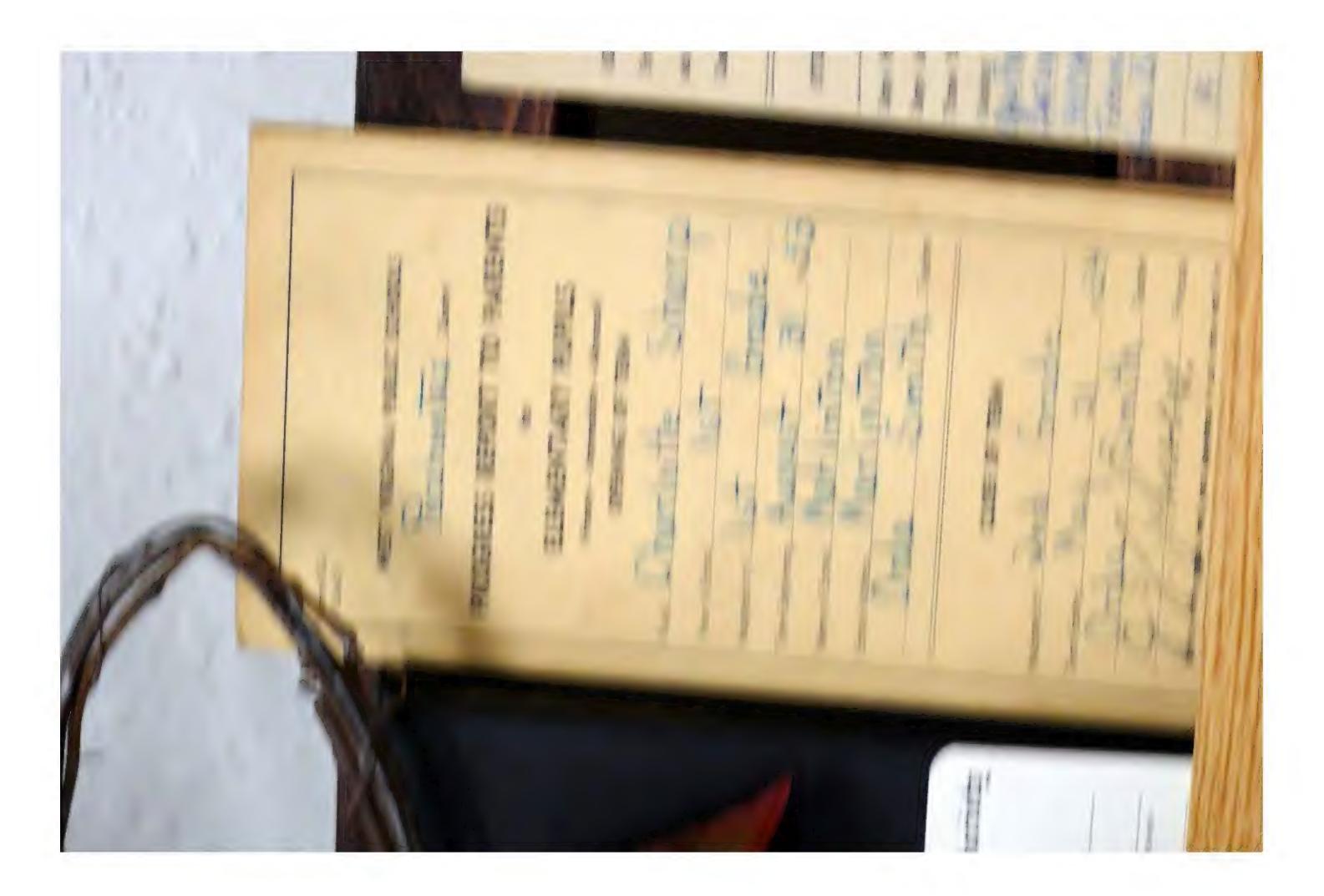


Graduate











POCAHONTAS COUNTY SCHOOLS

Marlinton High school

REPORT OF Moore, Vicki									
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and ending		Ju	ne	3		-			190
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